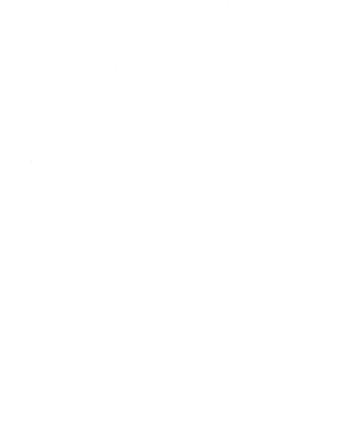




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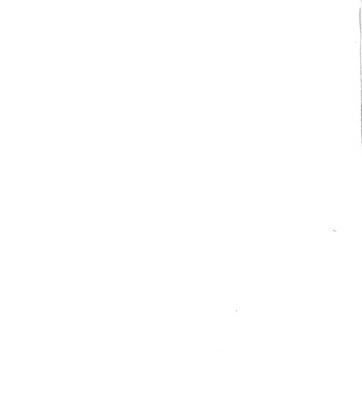












# SONNETS

SUGGESTED BY PAINTINGS IN THE COLLECTION OF ELOISE LEE AND FREDERIC FAIRCHILD SHERMAN

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# MOONRISE

Painted by Ralph Albert Blakelock

THE GRAND CANYON
Painted by Elliott Daingerfield

A COUNTRY ROAD
Painted by John H. Twachtman

NOVEMBER WINDS
Painted by Norwood MacGilvary

A MAY DAY
Painted by Lillian M. Genth

MOONLIGHT
Painted by Ralph Albert Blakelock



# THE GRAND CANYON

[Painted by Elliott Daingerfield]

Gleaming with glory in its setting grand

The Canyon like a great fire-opal lies

Burning with the bright beauty of the skies—

A perfect jewel in the sunlit land.

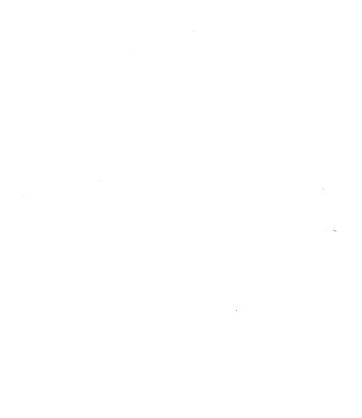
And here an artist with a magic hand

Has made the vision of its wonder rise

Like some mirage in heaven for our eyes

To feast upon and try to understand.

This world is but the mighty diadem
God, as a crown, wears on his kingly brow,
And this great opal, burning like the sun,
What is it but that single perfect gem
Outshining all earth's jewels, flashing now
Among them, and of all the brightest one?



## A COUNTRY ROAD

# [Painted by John H. Twachtman]

This road that takes us through a world so green
Is the old highway of the happy heart
We used to walk, that took us far apart
From the vain world to some such sylvan scene
Of country quiet, hidden in between
The hills of home. And what a touch of art
To paint it ending where the others start
That lead to ends so different, so mean!

These are the fields and this the summer sky
Of that glad earth where in the long ago
We lived our lives of innocence and joy,
Like the young gods of fabled days gone by
Whose happiness it was our lot to know,
Sweetheart, when first I loved you as a boy!



#### NOVEMBER WINDS

[Painted by Norwood MacGilvary]

The leafless branches of the mighty trees—
Those harps of God—each softly sways and sings;
Invisibly His fingers touch the strings
And all the world is filled with memories.
Haunting the music is, in minor keys,

And sometimes with a sound as of the wings Of unseen birds, from heaven again it brings The summer back on the November breeze.

Gray though the skies, the sun does not forget
To temper with its warmth each touch of cold
That passes ghost-like through the Autumn air.

The empty fields are full of fragrance yet,

The odour of that wondrous wine of gold

That cheers the heart of him who lingers there!



## A MAY DAY

[Painted by Lillian M. Genth]

Forevermore adown this path of May

The wood-nymphs with their garland of bright flowers

Will dance throughout the happy sunlit hours

Of youth's unclouded and immortal day.

The world will change, the years will pass away,

And they be joyous in these leafy bowers Where bird notes rain from heaven in sweet showers,— Glad children in a garden still at play.

Time cannot take from us this Paradise

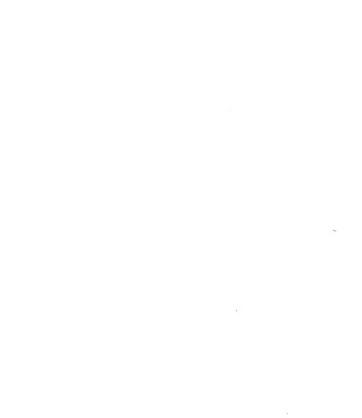
Nor drive from it the spirits of our youth.

Safe in the Eden of the long ago

They shall live on, our joy when all else dies,

Unchanged and beautiful, to be in truth

At last the greatest happiness we know.



## MOONLIGHT

[Painted by Ralph Albert Blakelock]

Queen of the air and mistress of the night,
Out of the dark, the silvery moon doth rise—
How like an angel to our wondering eyes,
Her lovely face with heaven's glory bright?
See, there she walks transfigured in our sight
Along the hidden pathways of the skies
Even unto the gates of Paradise
That open on God's gardens of delight!

Trembling with beauty at her feet unfold

The fleecy clouds, those fragile flowers of love

Whose perfume fills the evening like a dream;

The very whisper of the wind doth hold

A hint of purple from the realize share.

A hint of music from the realms above—

The echo of some grand immortal theme!



TWENTY-FIVE COPIES OF THIS BOOK ON JAPANESE VELLUM PRIVATELY PRINTED BY THE AUTHOR FOR HIS FRIENDS









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